

Twenty-Six Valuable Lots FOR SALE, Near L. & N. Passenger Depot, Clarksville, Tenn.

On the 26th of June, 1886, I will offer for sale to the Highest Bidder, on premises, at 10 o'clock a. m.,

26 Valuable Lots

Lying on Franklin and Weill streets, near the L. & N. Passenger Depot, upon the following TERMS: One-half cash, balance in 12 and 18 months, with interest, and lien retained for the purchase money.

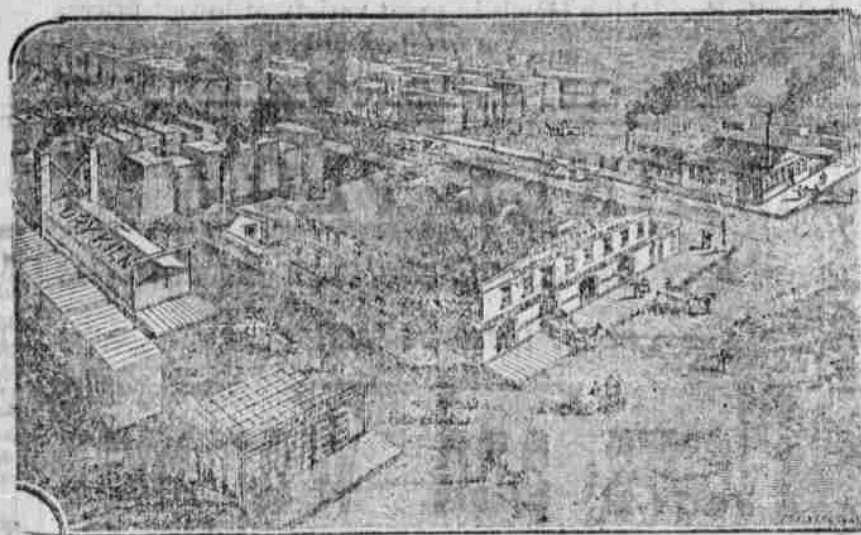
These Lots lay well, are sufficiently near the business portion of the city for residences, and convenient to the Railroad, and afford a good opportunity for securing a cheap and desirable building site. Come one, come all, who desire to make a safe investment. Clarksville is growing and property increasing in value.

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Jan. 1, 1886-tr.

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J. J. CRUSMAN.

CHARLES DICKENS' LIFE

Among His Children as Remembered by His Eldest Daughter.

Charles Dickens' eldest daughter, in her last contribution to The Cornhill Magazine, says:

During the years spent at Tavistock house one of his daughters was for a time a great invalid, and after a worse attack of illness than usual her father suggested that she should be carried as far as the study, and lie on the sofa there while he was at work. This was of course considered an immense privilege, and even if she had not felt so weak and ill as she did, she would have been bound to remain as still and quiet as possible. For some time there was no sound to be heard in the room but the rapid working of the pen, and suddenly he jumped up, went to the looking-glass, rushed back to his writing-table, and jotted down a few words; back to the glass again, this time talking to his own reflection, or rather to the simulated expression he saw there, and was trying to catch before drawing it in words, then back again to his writing.

After a little he got up again, and stood with his back to the glass, talking softly and rapidly for a long time, then looking at his daughter, but certainly never seeing her, then once more back to his table, and to steady writing until luncheon time. It was a curious experience and a wonderful thing to see him throwing himself so entirely out of himself and into the character he was writing about. His daughter has very seldom mentioned this incident, feeling as if it would be almost a breach of confidence to do so. But in these reminiscences of her father, she considers it only right that this experience should be mentioned, showing as it does his characteristic earnestness and method of work.

After a hard morning's writing, when he has been alone with his family and no visitors in the house, he has come in to luncheon and gone through the meal without uttering a word, and then he has gone back to his work in which he was so completely absorbed. Then, again, there have been times when his nerves have been strung up to such a high pitch that any sudden noise, such as the dropping of a spoon or the clatter of a plate, seemed to cause him real agony. He never could bear the least noise when he was writing, and waged a fierce war against all organ-grinders, etc.

In 1850 the purchase of Gad's Hill was made. Charles Dickens had never been inside the house until it was his own. Every year he had some "bright idea" or some contemplated "wonderful improvement" to propound to us. And it became quite a joke between him and his youngest daughter—who was constantly at Gad's Hill—as to what the next improvement would be. These additions and alterations gave him endless amusement and delight, and he would watch the growing of each one with the utmost eagerness and impatience. For one "improvement" he had looking-glass put into each panel of the dining-room door, and showing it to his youngest daughter said, with great pride: "Now what do you say to this, Katie?" She laughed and said: "Well, really, papa, I think when you're an angel your wings will be made of looking-glass, and your crown of scarlet geraniums!"

He loved all flowers but especially bright flowers, and scarlet geraniums were his favorite of all. There were two large beds of these on the front lawn, and when they were fully out, making one scarlet mass, there was blaze enough to satisfy even him. Even in dress he was fond of a great deal of color, and the dress of a friend who came to his daughter's wedding quite delighted him because it was trimmed with a profusion of cherry-colored ribbon. He used constantly to speak about it afterward in terms of the highest admiration.

During the summer months there was a constant succession of visitors at Gad's Hill, with picnics, long drives and much happy holiday-making. At these picnics there was a frequent request to this lover of light and color of "Please let us have the luncheon in the shade at any rate." He came to his daughter one day and said he had "a capital idea" about picnic luncheon. He wished each person to have his or her own ration neatly done up in one parcel, to consist of a mutton pie, a hard-boiled egg, a roll, a piece of butter, and a packet of salt. Of course this idea was faithfully carried out, but was not always the rule, as when the choice of food was put to the vote, it was found that many people cared neither for mutton pie nor hard-boiled egg. But the "capital idea" of separate rations was always followed as closely as possible.

Hindoo Method of Assassination.

(Boston Budget.)
Before English law and custom had subdued the barbarism of Hindostan the following mode of assassination was not uncommon: The murderer would kill one of a pair of cobras and drag the body of the snake along the ground into the bungalow, over the floor and into the very bed of the victim. After a few moments the dead snake, having accomplished the purpose of leaving a murderous trail to the sleeping couch of the victim, would be thrown away. The dead cobra's living mate would invariably follow the trail to the bed, when it would coil itself at rest waiting to strike the sleeper.

Why She Didn't Like Him.

(Chicago Tribune.)
It would take a wise man to penetrate the subtle and intricate processes of a young woman's reasoning. "I don't like Mr. L—," we heard one say to another not long ago. "Why?" asked her listener. "O, to begin with, he wears lavender gloves," was the response, and to both these feminine critics the matter seemed sufficiently discussed and satisfactorily settled.

Mr. Beecher's Canaries.

(Chicago Herald.)
Mr. Beecher has three golden-throated canaries in his study. They hang in the sunny bay window, in gilt cages, crowded with rose-pink tarragon. Every morning the great preacher feeds them and talks to them, and they sing while he thinks of his Sunday sermons. He says they help him to think, and often give him new ideas.

EATING BEFORE SLEEPING.

A Journalist's Experience, at Value as Marked to General.

(D. M. Stone in New York Journal of Commerce.)
The notion is widely prevalent that it is unhealthy to eat late at night or just before retiring. This came from the severe denunciation of "late suppers" contained in nearly all the old popular works on diet. The argument in these publications was directed against what was involved in a late supper, at a period when the revelers slipped from their chairs and were carried by waiting lackeys, insensible to their beds. It was the midnight debauch that was the object of the attack, and even here it was less the gluttony than the drunkenness which alarmed the doctors and called forth their reprehension.

Man is the only animal that can be taught to sleep quietly on an empty stomach. The brute creation resent all efforts to coax them to such a violation of the laws of nature. The lion roars in the forest until he has found his prey, and when he has devoured it he sleeps over it until he needs another meal. The horse will paw all night in the stable, and the pig will squeal in the pen, refusing all rest or sleep until they are fed. The animals which chew the cud have their own provision for a late meal just before dropping off to their night slumbers.

Man can train himself to the habit of sleeping without a preceding meal, but only after long years of practice. As he comes into the world nature is too strong for him and he must be fed before he will sleep. A child's stomach is small, and when perfectly filled, if no sickness disturbs it, sleep follows naturally and inevitably. As digestion goes on, the stomach begins to empty. A single fold in it will make the little sleeper restless; two will awaken it, and if it is pushed again to repose the nap is short, and three folds put an end to the slumber.

To sleep well, the blood that swells the veins in the head during our busy hours must flow back, leaving a greatly diminished volume behind the brow that lately throbbled with such vehemence. To digest well, this blood is needed at the stomach and near the fountains of life. It is a fact established beyond a possibility of contradiction that sleep aids digestion, and that the process of digestion is conducive to refreshing sleep. It needs no argument to convince us of this mutual relation. The drowsiness which always follows a well-ordered meal is itself a testimony of nature to this interdependence.

The waste of human life by the neglect of the lesson is very great. The daily wear and tear of the body might be restored more fully than it usually is if this simple rule was not systematically violated. Sleep is wonderfully recuperative, but it may be shorn of half its benefits by unfavorable conditions. Foul air in the bed-chamber leaves the sleeper almost as exhausted in the morning as when, weary with the day's labor, he sank upon the bed. A gnawing stomach, empty of food, takes out of nightly sleep that refreshing sense of comfort which properly belongs to it. It leaves the blood to throb in the heated brow, and haunts the sleep with an ever-present source of disquiet.

A healthy person who goes to bed on a full stomach will always wake in the morning with a better appetite for his breakfast. If dinner is eaten in the middle of the day and a light supper is served at 6 in the afternoon a hearty luncheon should be provided at 10 in the evening, or just before the hour of retiring. The rule should be to eat at the last moment before going to bed, whatever that hour may be.

And this latest meal should not be of "light" viands, as this phrase is commonly understood. The less a person eats at any time of cake or pie, or the countless hummies that go to make up a fancy tea-table, the better, but none of these should be eaten at bedtime. Cold chicken, cold roast beef, corned beef, or a wholesome meat of any kind, with well-baked bread and butter (salt and pickles will do no harm) will serve the substantial requisites for the collation. Milk is perhaps the best of all where the pure article can be obtained; "Borden's condensed" will supply it in the best shape to suit our taste, and if this is used it should be mixed with warm or hot water, instead of cold, and eaten before it cools. With bread and fruit (baked apples will serve when berries and peaches fail) this makes a very wholesome evening meal.

All persons should be very cautious when they reform their habits in this respect. A mouthful or two each night at first is all that should be attempted, gradually increasing the quantity until luncheon becomes a pretty substantial meal.

Princess Beatrice and Prince Imperial.

(London Truth.)
The engagement of Princess Beatrice to the prince of Battenberg recalls the fact that she was once in love with the prince imperial, killed by the Zulus, and that he was in love with her. But there were so many obstacles in the way that the lovers could not get married. "O, the devil," said the reckless Gen. Fleury, who made Louis Napoleon emperor of France, to the prince, "get married any way at all in Scotland and then have a formal wedding when accomplished facts must be looked in the face." The plan of going to Zululand to reap laurels was then hit upon. If he won them parliament would grant the princess a dowry to set up with him as a householder. Lord Beaconsfield, who liked startling solutions of embarrassing questions, was ready to give the lovers his blessing. He thought that a daughter of the queen marrying a Catholic would calm Irish agitation.

China's Telegraph Lines.

(Chicago Tribune.)
Four years ago there was but one short line of telegraph in China. Now the capital of southern China is joined with the metropolis in the north, and the telegraph now stretches in an unbroken line from Peking to the southern boundary of the empire.

Physicians' Fees.

A celebrated physician says that he has heard the same professional service performed by the same doctor rated at \$25 in Indianapolis, \$100 in Philadelphia, and \$300 in New York.

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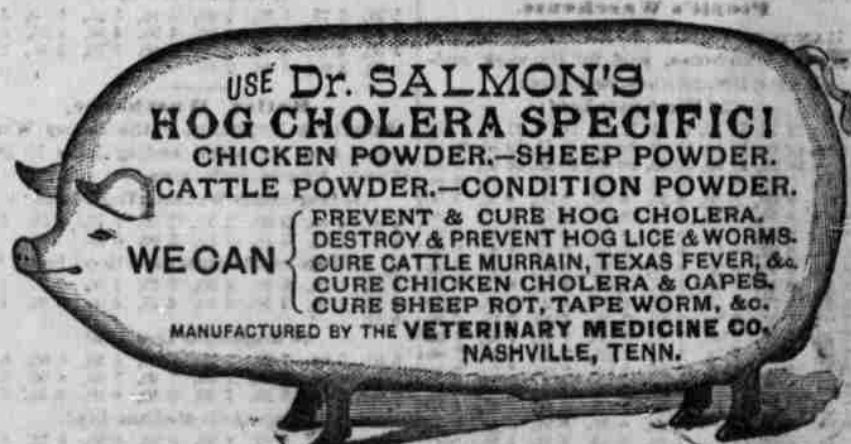
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